

THE BETHEL NEWS.

Published Every Wednesday by
A. D. ELLINGWOOD, Proprietor.
Bethel, Me.

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WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 1895.

BEST REPORT OF

The Bethel Fair
— WILL BE IN —

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PREMONITIONS OF SOLDIERS.
BY ADDISON S. BEAN.

It was the morning of May 6th, 1865, at the battle of the Wilderness. The battle was open, the roll of musketry could be heard in our front. We had been ordered to support the right flank. A member of my company, Comrade Weeks came up crying, "Oh, why did I leave my poor mother! I shall be killed! I shall never see her again!" A comrade standing near told him to shut up or he would beat his brains out with the butt of his musket, and after calling him numerous hard names he succeeded in quieting him. At that moment the bugle summoned to arms, and the command was to forward march. In a few moments we were engaging the enemy. I well remember that day as we filed into that oak wood from the plank road, of the greeting we got from the Johnnies before we knew we were near any of them. I with the pack horses was ordered to the rear. I never saw Weeks after that first volley, but at roll call that night when his name was called, a comrade answered, "He was killed in the charge today."

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, just before the great charge was made, Lieut. Driscoll of Company E, N. Y. Volunteers, came to me while I was serving the General and staff with supper, and wanted me to send him money, some two hundred and twenty dollars, and his watch, to his father in Providence, R. I., in case he was killed. Said he, "I am sure that before your sun goes down, I shall be a dead man." I told him I had one hundred dollars in value and did not wish to take his. He returned to his company. In less time than it takes to say, he was killed. He fell at the first volley, and his money fell into the hands of the enemy. He was a brave soldier, having risen from a private to a Lieutenant. He was respected and loved by rank and file alike.

At Rappahannock Station, Va., Comrade Michael McDonald came to me just before our regiment fled into the field, and said, "You can have this watch at your own price today for I shall never want it again." I told him I did not have the money with me; he urged me hard to take it, but I declined. Had coveted the watch, had often offered him a good price for it, but until that day he had been unwilling to sell it, since it was a watch which he picked up in the road, and prized very much on that account. Soon the bugle sounded, "Forward, charge, bayonets!" While charging a redoubt he and his father both fell at the same moment. They were the only members of their family in this country, having come here a year before from the Emerald Isle, and both gave their lives that our country might live.

At Petersburg, a Sergeant was detailed to mark headboards for the graves of our dead, not having anything particular to do. One day he carelessly marked a board, "Sergeant John McCusick, Co. X, 10th Massachusetts Volunteers, killed July 10th, 1864." It was his own name. He laid it down and went to draw his rations. When returning, a rebel sharpshooter spied him and sent a deadly messenger through his heart. He had done for himself what he had been doing for his comrades, only he had marked his own grave.

While the Fourth Vermont Regiment was being drawn out of the rifle pits at Petersburg, preparatory to going home, their term of service having expired, one of the Lieutenants said to one of the men, "Let me take your gun, I want to give the Johnnies one more shot." He laid down behind the breastworks and put the rifle through one of the port-holes. A sharpshooter saw the motion and before the Lieutenant could bring his gun to his shoulder he was a dead man, the sharpshooter being too quick for him, and was buried where he fell.

At the battle of the Wilderness, I was cooking for Brigadier General Alexander Shafter of the 1st Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps. Our brigade held the right of the army and our right lay along the plank road. I was sent to the rear with the servants and pack horses and mules. There had been heavy firing all day. At five in the afternoon an orderly came down with orders to come up and

give the staff their supper. I took the General's servant, a contraband and one horse. When we arrived where the General was he sent me over a knoll to make coffee. I made a fire and got some water from a not far away spring. In the meantime I had sent the colored servant over to where the staff were to get the coffee. I had just got the fire started when the darkness came over the knoll. Just as he reached the top a rebel sharpshooter sent a bullet at him. The bullet struck a tree near him and glanced off coming plumb into my fire, scattering the wood somewhat. I do not think it would be stretching truth much to say that that darkey turned pale. I never saw a more frightened man in my life. When the great charge was made soon after he mounted the General's horse and made for the rear as fast as old Buckskin could carry him, while the General and his four hundred dollar stallion, which he had just bought, were taken prisoners. The General was sent to Charlestown, S. C., and kept a prisoner to the close of the war.

At the battle of the Wilderness a soldier came along with a wound in one arm. While showing it to me a shot was sent through the other arm, and in less than a minute another struck his collar bone knocking him down. He had just got on his feet when another struck him in the breast. Examination showed it had struck his bible just over the heart, piercing it through to the inside cover. He was knocked senseless. I thought he was dead, but in a few moments he got on his feet just as the enemy charged us. I never saw him again, but think he was killed in that charge.

NORTH NORWAY.
Fred Noble is the father of a "Noble" boy.

Mrs. Henry Hobbs is having a severe cold spell.

J. S. Herrick is building an ice house for F. Cox.

E. A. Cox has had three hundred bushels of oats threshed lately.

Mrs. Emma Upton and daughter have started on their return trip to California.

Geo. Bennett is painting and making some improvements on his carriage shop.

Mrs. Ellen Farnum's barn was struck by lightning the 26th and somewhat damaged. Her son, Ellsworth, was rendered insensible for awhile.

"The world's fair" at N. Watford was a grand success as far as people were concerned. Lots there, but nothing to see; two brass bands, a hand organ, a band, and seventy-five babies, made

NORTH WEST BETHEL.
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Skillings and Miss Eliza Mason went to Berlin on the excursion Sunday.

Eben Scribner starts for Lynn, Mass., this week, where he has obtained employment running a lathe, nine hours per day.

Miss Louise Dow and Master Herbert Dow, of Whitefield, N. H., are visiting their sister, Mrs. Chas. Verrill at this place.

Helen Mabel Mason has been suffering badly for a number of days with ivy poison on her feet; she has been unable to attend school.

A. P. Chapman is having some repairs made to his house. E. S. Mason, carpenter, and Jotham Chapman and a Mr. Bachelor, painters.

Mrs. Maude Verrill Webber, with her two children, recently made a brief visit to her brother, Chas. Verrill, at this place. She expects to leave her present home at Oxford next month, as Mr. Webber will move his family to Presque Isle, where he will engage in farming.

NORWAY.
The High School commenced Monday, Sept. 23rd, with Mr. Arthur Wiley of Bethel, as principal.

H. L. Horne is having a dwelling house erected on his lot on Marston Street. Horace Pike has charge of the work.

During the three days of the Oxford County fair, the electric cars carried 8740 passengers at five cents making \$437. During the whole week about 10 000 fares were sold.

Rev. B. S. Rideout attended the State Conference of Congregational churches at Westbrook last week. He gave an interesting account of the convention in the sermon last Sunday.

The Sons of Temperance are soon to have a good time among themselves. A drama in five acts with Geo. Kendall's Orchestra of six pieces will be the attraction. The Oxford Lodge will be present as visitors.

A town meeting was held Saturday afternoon to decide about erecting a new shoe-factory near where the old shops now set. No definite action was taken, but a committee of fifteen were elected to further investigate the building matters.

The Christian Endeavor are to have an entertainment in the Congregational church, Wednesday evening, Oct. 9. M. A. Lincoln Kirk, Reader, has been engaged for the occasion and will be assisted by several musicians. The entertainment will no doubt prove to be very interesting and amusing.

Rev. Dr. Parker

Is the beloved pastor of the Universalist church at Fargo, N. D., and has also been a pastor in Providence, R. I., New York City and Troy, N. Y. He says:

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You steal from me, I no kill you now, but if you ever steal anything from me again, me kill you sure. Me ought to kill you now, but go this time, but bring me the traps and fur, two for one. If you cheat I kill you soon. I know how many traps and how much fur you take, you know too. Bring 'em tomorrow, be honest or I kill you."

Metalluk showed his own cunning by not telling Robbins the amount of his claim, for he knew only the number of traps he had missed. The next day Robbins brought the fur and traps and made a final settlement for them, Metalluk, of course, being satisfied with the amount. Robbins never cared to meet Metalluk after that and never meddled with his traps again.

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Come to the fair at Canton.

M. A. Deland is on the sick list.

M. A. Waite shot nine partridges one day last week.

C. M. Packard has come out with a newly painted road cart.

Miss Ella Waite has returned to her home after spending a few weeks in Portland and vicinity.

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The willing winds of Saturday's heat was not as hot as that of Sunday. The mercury began its work early in the day and worked late in the afternoon. The torrid wave beats the record of twenty-five years, the mercury ran to 94 in the shade.

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OBITUARY.
Mrs. Mary D. Thayer.

Born in Gorham, Me., April 12th 1820, and entered into rest at Rockton, Ills., Aug. 13, 1895.

A brief review of her life will be of interest to her many friends, who had come to know and love her. Her early education was obtained at Gorham seminary. She was one of the first class of teachers sent out in 1847, from New England, under the educational movement instituted by Ex-Gov. Shade, of Massachusetts, to supply the need of the then "new west." Ill health compelled a cessation of teaching after three years, and she returned east. In 1851, she married Asa Thayer, and for six years they lived in Maine. Then the strongly settled western tide drew them to Kansas in '57, just at the time when to the severe drought was added the fierce slavery agitation. Two years later, Mr. Thayer died of bronchial consumption. In 1861 she reluctantly returned to New England, where she remained six years. Her desire all the time was to return to the west. In 1867, an opportunity presented itself. Mrs. Isaac Adams, of Rockton, Ills., a particular friend, had a seminary, and a helpless invalid, needed one to care for her. She hastened to her friend, and as at her side until her death, eleven months later. During the fifteen years following, she kept the home for Mr. Adams and his elder brother. The brother died in 1880; Mr. Adams lingered until 1883.

Again, after nearly twenty years, Mrs. Thayer returned to New England, and visited among old friends a year or more. Two years in Rockland, Ills., followed, a year in Kansas, then two years in Chicago, where she recovered her health. Again she returned to Rockland, 1892 found her once more in Chicago, and the following year with peculiar delight she realized her long dream of spending the Columbian year within access of the White City.

Later in that year she returned to Northern Illinois, and after a brief stay in Beloit, came back to spend her remaining days among her friends in Rockton. She steadily failed in health, although suffering less than during the preceding year, and passed away without pain on the morning of the above date.

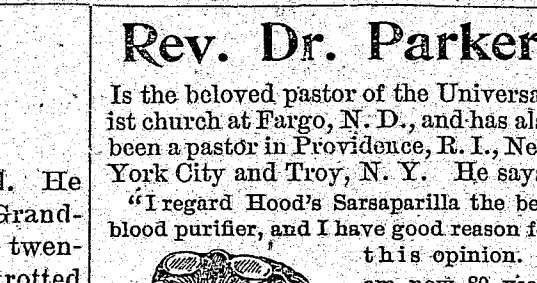
In the death of Mrs. Thayer, one has gone who was quiet dignity and gentle self-possession commanded the regard of everyone who knew her. The record of her life contained something of the pathos of wandering and of loneliness. Her intimate friends were few, for she invited few into her inner life. She desired for herself the white robe of seclusion; yet all who came to know her, regarded her as a friend. The melody of her life was deep, for much of it was struck from dissonant and broken chords.

In early life she became a member of the Congregational church, in Bethel, Me., of which her father, Rev. Chas. Frost, was pastor. In later years she investigated some of the more liberal lines of thought, but they did not satisfy her as she drew near the end. The bible was her book, and its Author was her teacher and her guide. None had greater hatred for hypocrisy, and non-rejoiced more in every triumph of righteousness.

During her last illness, every kindly and tender manifestation that loving hands could devise was hers; daily inquiries regarding her condition bespoke the hold she had on those about her; and at her death, many gathered to say from mourning hearts, "Hail and farewell."

A. F. N. The funeral services were conducted by her nephew, Rev. Arthur Frost Newell, of Lincoln, Neb., at her request.

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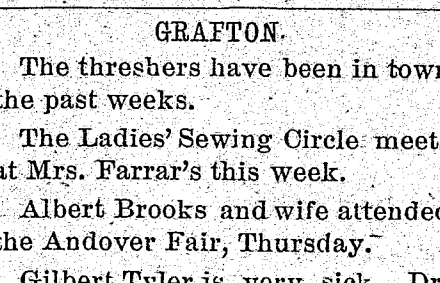
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